

The Star.

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Children's Reefer Suits	BOYS' Long Pants Suits	Children's SUITS	Boys' Knee Pants Suits	Boys' Knee Pants SUITS
FOR	FOR	FOR	with extra pair pants	FOR
\$2.00.	\$3.50	\$2.00.	\$3.00.	\$1.00.

Mens' All-wool SUITS for **Black or Blue!** \$6.50.

Mens' Pringe - Albert SUITS for \$15.00.

Mens' Good Business SUITS for \$8.00.

Mens' Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.

Men's, Boy's and Children's SUITS ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!

Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48, Blue or Black.

Cutaway Frock Suits, Blue or Black.

Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.

We buy all our suits from the finest manufactory of men's suits and if you find any of our clothing to rip we ask you to bring the suit back and we give you a new suit.

Match Us If You Can.

Remember we have one of the Finest GUTTERS in our Merchant Tailor - Department. Suits for \$20.00 and up.

Make a Base - Hit and come to **Bell's** are coming in daily.

Our Fall Stock of **Overcoats** Under-Wear, 75c. per suit.

STYLES and PRICES to suit the times. We have them for you.

Wed a Neck-tie to your Col-lar. We will tie the knot for 25c.

BELL, The ONLY Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

Hats! Hats! For the Children.

Hats! Hats! For the Men and

Hats! Hats! Hats! For Everyone.

COME IN! Where? TO THE **"Bee Hive" Store,** WHERE **L. J. McEntire, & Co.,** The Groceryman, deals in all kinds of Groceries, Canned Goods, Green Goods Tobacco and Cigars, Flour and Feed, Baled Hay and Straw. Fresh goods always on hand. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited. Very truly yours, **Lawrence J. McEntire & Co.,** The Grocersmen.

J. S. MORROW, DEALER IN Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and Shoes, Fresh Groceries Flour and Feed. GOODS DELIVERED FREE. OPERA - HOUSE - BLOCK Reynoldsville, Pa. **A. KATZEN,** Proprietor.

Important to All! To Save Money go to the People's Bargain Store. Cut prices in every department.

Fine line children's cotton underwear from 10c. up; children's all-wool red flannel underwear from 18c. up; heavy quilted ladies' Jersey shirts at 25c.; men's merino underwear 90c. per suit; men's all-wool underwear \$1.40 a suit; big line top shirts from 45c. up; desirable line of men's fine pants from 85c. up; every customer buying a suit of boys' clothes will get a 50c. hat free; fine assortment of shoes at reasonable prices; men's first-class gloves from 25c. up; handsome table oil cloth at 17c. per yard; big line hats and caps at prices to suit every customer.

Call and be convinced that we always make quick sales and small profits.

LOVE IN MASQUERADE.

I dreamed that Love came knocking At your door one winter night While the specter trees were rocking In a blast of savage blight. "Oh, I perish!" poor Love pleaded, "Up the door, for Love's dear sake." But although you heard and heeded Still no answer would you make! Not one word of sweet replying Would your haughty lips have said Even if Love had lain there dying, Even if Love had lain there dead!

Then I dreamed that Love o'erruled you, For in tenderest voice he cried, "Nay, dear lady, I sadly fooled you, Since I am not Love, but Pride." And you straightway opened your portals, To that wildest of mortals, To that masquerading god. Ah, you opened your portals lightly, Not for Love's but Pride's dear sake, Yet, O lady, if I dreamed rightly, Love soon taught you your mistake! —Edgar Poe

GHOSTS OF THE SEA.

SEALERS DREAD TO SEE THE SHIPS THAT NEVER SAILED.

An Old Salt Tells of His First Experience With a Phantom Ship—While a Terrible Hurricane Howls It Hides Easily With All Sails Set.

"These tales of the ships that never came back are sad enough, but it's the ship that never went out, the ghosts of the sea, that give the sailor man a creepy feeling when he meets them out where the waves are rolling high and the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who has followed the sea as boy and man for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by a group of interested listeners in the public room of the Sailors' Happy home in South street, Mate Bob, as all the sailors call him, was telling stories of strange sights that he has witnessed at sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise fishing schooner, but in the old days he sailed in some of the largest trading ships and the strongest whalers that ever sailed out of an American port flying the stars and stripes.

"As I said, boys," the old man went on, "it's the ships that never went out from any port that a sailor never forgets when he sees one of them. We may remember the ships that went out and never came back for a time if we had a shipmate aboard, but we can forget. But there's no forgetting a ghost of the sea."

"It was back in the early fifties that I saw my first sea ghost, and today I can shut my eyes and see it just as plain as I could see it then. I was a sailor on a fishing schooner, and we were catching cod off the coast of Newfoundland. We had been out ten days and were almost ready to start for home with a full cargo when a nasty off shore breeze came on late one evening. We stood out to sea, for there was a heavy fog along with the wind. It was a stiff and steady blow, so we rode the waves under bare poles during the night, waiting for daylight and the fog to lift before shaping our course for home.

"All through the night we sent up rockets at intervals and kept the ship's bell going, because we could not see ten feet ahead at times on account of the fog. But it was nearly morning before we heard or saw an answering signal to warn us that another vessel was near."

"I was on the early morning watch, and about half an hour before daylight I made out a signal light a short distance ahead on our port bow. It was a strange light, a pale blue in color, and it flashed up and down at irregular intervals. The fog was still thick, and it was impossible to tell how near we were to the vessel."

"I called the mate on deck and pointed to the strange signal light. He looked at it a long time, and, with a shake of his head, said he could not make it out at all. The lights showed that the vessel could not be far away, so we changed our course a little, and then fired a gun. There was no answer, and we fired again and again with the same result."

"By and by I saw that the mate was very grave and queer looking. He was pacing back and forth on the deck, not minding the cold, misty rain that was falling, and all the time he kept his eyes fixed on that queer looking bluish light that flashed up out of the fog and darkness ahead. At last I made so bold as to ask the mate what he thought of it."

"It's a ghost!" he said, looking at me with a pitying look.

"A ghost?" says I.

"Yes, a ghost of the sea. Wait till the fog lifts. You may see it then."

"The fog lifted a bit when daylight came, and then I saw the ghost, as the mate said I would."

"Rising grim and white out of the fog and waves that were rolling high, I saw a full rigged ship of queer design. The wind was blowing half a gale, but not a mast or pole of the ghost ship bent an inch, and not one of the broad white sails seemed to strain at the ropes."

"The phantom was close on our port bow, and as the fog cleared away we had a splendid view from her water line to the top of her masts. With the waves pitching and rolling mountain high, and the wind howling around our poles, the ghost ship was riding out the storm as steady as a painted ship on a painted canvas ocean."

"Every man on board crowded on deck, and while they had to hold on to the railing to keep from being washed

overboard they stood and gazed at the phantom ship as long as it was in sight. Some of them that were a bit religious-like made the sign of the cross, and others tried to say a bit of a prayer. The fact is that every man on board thought the phantom ship a warning of death."

"The captain went below and drank hot grog till he was that reckless no ghost had any terrors for him. Then, as the wind went down a bit, he ordered us to make sail and bear down on the phantom ship."

"Up went our sail in a jiffy, and we flew along before the wind, but we could get no nearer the phantom ship. Suddenly we saw the white ghost ship lurch forward, her sails trembled for an instant, and then she seemed to sink straight down into the sea. Ten seconds from the time we saw the first quiver of her sails the ship had vanished, and we never saw her again."

"During the day the storm went down, and putting about we made port in safety. But when that schooner sailed for the fishing banks again it was with an entirely new crew from the captain to cabin boy. Not a man who saw the ghost ship from her deck would sail on that schooner again."

"Such is the old sailor belief in the ghosts of the sea as warnings of danger. The men who see one of them will never sail again of the same ship if they live to see port."—New York Dispatch.

THE RENT WAS NOT RAISED.

A Woman Showed Herself Too Smart For Her Landlord.

They met in a street car, and the woman with a golf cape remarked: "I see you still have the same house."

"Yes, and at the same rent," remarked the woman with the ostrich boa.

"But I thought your landlord had decided to raise it?"

"He did, but somehow I didn't expect to move, though Tom gave up the house at once. You see, I really can't afford to have any more bric-a-brac smashed in moving wagons. I've lost enough already to stock a department store."

"So you have decided not to move?"

"Not quite, dear. You see, I told the landlord that I was sorry to move, but we really couldn't afford a higher rent and that I myself would gladly show the house to intending tenants. Then I set every room in order and waited."

"Well..."

"Well, I really thought that the first woman that came would take it. I praised the closets and told her what swell neighbors we had and..."

"But I thought you didn't want to..."

"No, dear, but just as she was leaving I casually mentioned the fact that two persons had died of typhoid fever in the next house above and one two doors below. She seemed somewhat agitated, and when I called out the landlord's address after her she didn't seem much interested."

"But, Maggie, you know that was..."

"Some time ago? Yes, but I never could remember dates, and the people did die."

"Well, did she?"

"Never went near. The bedrooms were too small for the next people, and the next ones were delighted, but thought the rent rather dear. Then I remarked that immediately after luncheon I intended to run around and engage that lovely little house in the next square at a lower rent. They carelessly asked which house, and I noticed that they turned that corner."

"How could you? Well, did she?"

"Well, you know, it was cheaper, and if they had taken our house I should have been obliged to rent that, for it was near enough to have my bric-a-brac carried."

"Your landlord told me that Swell-styles intended to take it."

"They did, but after Mrs. Swellstyles and I had gone over it I said, 'Your children all look so healthy that I think the house will just suit you, but mine, you know, are rather delicate, and the least hint of sewer gas alarms us.' She turned pale, and I knew at once that not even the parlor mantel would induce her to take it."

"And the landlord?"

"Oh, he came around that evening and said that as we were such good tenants he had decided not to raise the rent. Tom was so surprised."

"No wonder," gasped her friend. "This is our stopping place. Come and have a cream soda. I feel faint."—Chicago Tribune.

Napoleon's Red Velvet Coat.

In the center of the other glass case the light falls on a magnificent coat of red velvet embroidered in gold. This was presented to Napoleon when he was first consul by the city of Lyons. A quaint anecdote is attached to it. One morning at St. Helena General Bertrand paid his respects to his exiled master, accompanied by his little granddaughter. "How badly you are dressed, my child!" remarked Napoleon to his juvenile visitor. "But, sire, how can she help it?" replied the general. "Here in St. Helena it is next to impossible to buy anything worth having."

"Wait a moment," said Napoleon to the little girl. "I am going to find you something for a frock." As he spoke he went to a drawer, opened it, took out his own first consul's coat and placed it over the child's shoulders, saying, with a laugh, "Here, this is for you." General Bertrand preserved this gift with the greatest care, and it was from Mme. Thayer that the prince's late father inherited it by her bequest.—London Quiver.

THE AMERICAN WORKINGMAN.

How He Appears Through the Spectacles of M. Paul Bourget.

Behind the capitalist, be he ever so intelligent, so active, so enterprising, there is the working man, says Paul Bourget, in his book on travel in America in the Boston Herald. Given that America is par excellence a democracy, it is that personage which constitutes its fundamental basis. If the civilization of that country is to change again, as it so often gives the impression, it is through the workingman that it will change, as France of 1789, whose material life rested on the peasant, changed through the peasant. From time to time formidable strikes, which everywhere else would be called civil wars, seem to foretell one of those class duels, the issue of which is never doubtful. The more miserable, ever since the world has been the world, have always beaten the more happy, when it has come to a matter of battle.

However, at other times and outside of these questions of strikes you may talk to some of these laborers, you find them so evidently happy in their work, executing it so well, with such an independence of free citizens on their rough features. They so visibly have the calm of energy amid the rising and falling of the piston rods, the whistling of the leather bands, the snorting of the steam, the whirling of the flywheels. The expenditure of personal force is for them so intelligently applied, saved by mechanical aid! You know from other sources that wages are so high, \$1.50 per day—\$2! You know with what insurance societies its activity is surrounded. They are so numerous, so complete, so ready to sustain the workingman and to sustain his family under all circumstances, from the days of stoppage even unto death.

Thanks to one of these societies, he has his own house. Thanks to the town and to foundations of all kinds, the education of his children is assured. The military service, that monstrous abuse of old Europe, has been spared to him and to his sons. You return to the idea which has influenced so many emigrants to leave everything and to come here—that America is the paradise of the workingman. How can you reconcile two points of view, founded the one and the other upon indisputable facts and so radically contradictory?

Golf.

"To be a good golfer," says a feminine authority, "you must commence early in life, and it is noticeable that most people leave off very late. I have seen a very pretty matron, the mother of ten, keep her hungry fold waiting for dinner while she played out her foursome." Another muscular mother, who, in accompanying her husband to India, was therefore obliged to leave her small boys and girls in England, found great comfort at the time of her parting from them in the news that there were splendid golf links at the military station in India to which her husband and she were going. English women, however, are not, as a rule, so hopelessly daft over the game as the great majority of Englishmen. Like love, this game worketh like madness in men's brains. A non-golfing bride to be, whose groom to be dreams, talks and labors only upon the links, threatens to add to the marriage service, "I take this man for better or worse, but not for golf."—New York Sun.

Beautiful Garnets.

The garnet family contains many stones used in jewelry. None has great value unless it be the emerald green variety known as unwarowite and those soft brown green ones which come from Brobrowska. Cinnamon stone (essonite) from Ceylon is a deep golden garnet, unfortunately nearly always "bubbly," and the almandine is a beautiful kind of flame red, with a touch of violet. So called "cape rubies" are nothing but bright garnets, and it is but too certain that a confiding public often buys them for real rubies. The carbuncle, once so fashionable, is only a garnet cut en cabochon, often hollowed at the back to let in a light foil. Some garnets cut in this form show a delicate silver cross with four rays. The stone is occasionally found of immense size, large enough to fashion boxes and cups.—Philadelphia Times.

Not Impressed.

"How did Ohtimer like the act of the lion tamer?" asked the circus proprietor.

"He was bored to death. You see, he used to be the manager of an opera company with three prima donnas in it."—Washington Star.

Pittsburg was originally Fort du Quebec, then became Fort Pitt, in honor of the great British premier. The Delaware Indians called the place Menach-sink, the walled place. The Senecas called it Deundaga, the forks of the stream.

Argument.

Newsboy—Paper, sir?

Solemn Looking Citizen—My dear boy, I would like to oblige you, but I can't read.

Newsboy—Yes, sir. Want a shine? Dem feet's wuth spendin a nickel on if the head ain't.—Chicago Tribune.

Solitary confinement is calculated, doctors state, to produce melancholia, suicidal mania and loss of reason. Nine months of absolutely solitary confinement are almost certain to result in the mental ruin of the convict.